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MALICE DEFEATED.

A

PASTORAL ESSAY.

OCCASIONED BY

Mr. POPE's CHARACTER of Lord TIMON,

In his EPISTLE to the

Earl of BURLINGTON, and Mr. WELSTED's ANSWER.

*As long as MOCO's happy Tree shall grow,
While Berries crackle, or while Mills shall go;
While smoking Streams from silver Spouts shall glide,
Or CHINA's Earth receive the sable Tide;
While COFFEE shall to BRITISH Nymphs be dear;
While fragrant Steams the bended Head shall chear;
Or grateful Bitters shall delight the Taste,
SO LONG, O POPE! THIS IMAGE OF THY MIND SHALL LAST.*

See POPE's 20th Letter to H. Cromwell, Esq;

*———To break thy Faith,
And turn a Rebel to so good a Master,
Is an Ingratitude unmatch'd on Earth.*

Rowe's Tam.

DAPHNIS, THYRSIS, and STREPHON.

DAPHNIS.

GOOD Morrow THYRSIS. May AURORA
prove
To you Propitious, and the Nymph you
love!

But why so Sad? ARCADIA's happy Plains
Were never made for such dejected Swains.
Some wondrous Ill has sure befall'n my Friend,
This pensive Posture can no Good portend.
Do not conceal the Anguish of your Heart,
Whate'er it be, let DAPHNIS bear a Part.

THYRSIS.

My Grief, O DAPHNIS, never can be less
While injur'd Virtue meets with no Redress.

But strange it is! that DAPHNIS has not heard
How he's abus'd, whom ev'ry Swain rever'd;
RANCOR has strove (O vain Attempt!) to blast
Great POLLIO's Fame, which will for ever last.

DAPHNIS.

It cannot be! nor was it e'er decreed,
Heav'n shou'd permit so impious a Deed!
With this false Rumour some ill-natur'd Swain
Endeavours to molest our happy Plain.

THYRSIS.

No, DAPHNIS, no, there's not a Shepherd here
To whom the Name of POLLIO is not dear.
Through him we ev'ry Blessing do enjoy;
The Muses Fav'rit, and ARCADIA's Joy.

DAPH.

DAPHNIS.

Some Ill I thought was meant, when from the Oak
I heard the unpropitious Raven croak ;
But ne'er imagin'd (tho' oppress'd with Fear)
That it fore-boaded, *The Attempt* I hear.
Great POLLIO lives the Glory of this Place,
And who so seeks such Virtue to deface,
But fixes on himself the dire Disgrace.

THYRSIS.

'Tis true, indeed, and that is RANCOR's Fate ;
More Foes by this one Action he'll create,
Than ever Friends he gain'd. But he deserves
No Friends, who from the Laws of Honour swerves.
There was a Time (I know not by what Art)
When ev'ry Swain, nay, POLLIO took his Part ;
But now the Rebel can't expect to find,
Virtue will be to its Defamer kind.
His Numbers shall no more in Triumph rise ;
While POLLIO lives, the wretched RANCOR dies.

DAPHNIS.

Why then, O THYRSIS, do we mourn in vain ?
And why with fruitless Accents fill the Plain ?
I dare to say, good POLLIO don't regard
The base Design of the INGLORIOUS Bard.

THYRSIS.

I know, my Friend, Great POLLIO's Innocence,
Nor THYRSIS' needs, nor DAPHNIS's Defence ;
Did the united Pow'rs of Hell combine,
And with them as ungrateful RANCOR join,
Such potent Malice might indeed assail ;
But not o'er such-like Innocence prevail :
But yet, methinks, so horrid an Attempt,
Merits an exemplary Punishment.

DAPHNIS.

But see ! where STREPHON, with a chearful Face,
Comes hast'ning o'er the Green ; he makes this Place,
And, as he sees our Grief, he mends his Pace.

STREPHON, good Day. What acceptable News
Sets smiling on your Brow ? Has the Abuse
Curst RANCOR gave met yet its just Reward ?
Is POLLIO sung by a more generous Bard ?

STREPHON.

Yes, DAPHNIS, POLLIO's injur'd Fame revives,
And more than this, It by SATYRUS lives.
In mighty Numbers, foreign to these Times,
He has display'd the proud Imposter's Crimes ;
Made RANCOR be by ev'ry Swain abhorr'd,
And injur'd POLLIO to Himself restor'd.

THYRSIS.

'Twas bravely done ! for none can better shew,
What the Power of Eloquence will do.
SATYRUS only can the Fiend engage,
And undeceive a too deluded Age.
Give o'er ye Swains, and injur'd Nymphs, to grieve,
RANCOR no longer shall the Fair deceive :
By this unlucky Accident he shews,
Both what he is, and what he always was,

DAPHNIS.

Who shall SATYRUS's matchless Worth proclaim,
The great Preserver of the PATRIOT's Fame.
APOLLO's self shall celebrate his Lays,
And give to him, the prostituted Bays ;
Expiring Numbers shall thro' him revive,
And whate'er HORACE was, shall in SATYRUS live.
No more shall Prejudice the Judgment sway ;
For lo ! SATYRUS blooms, while RANCOR fades away.

L O N D O N :

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